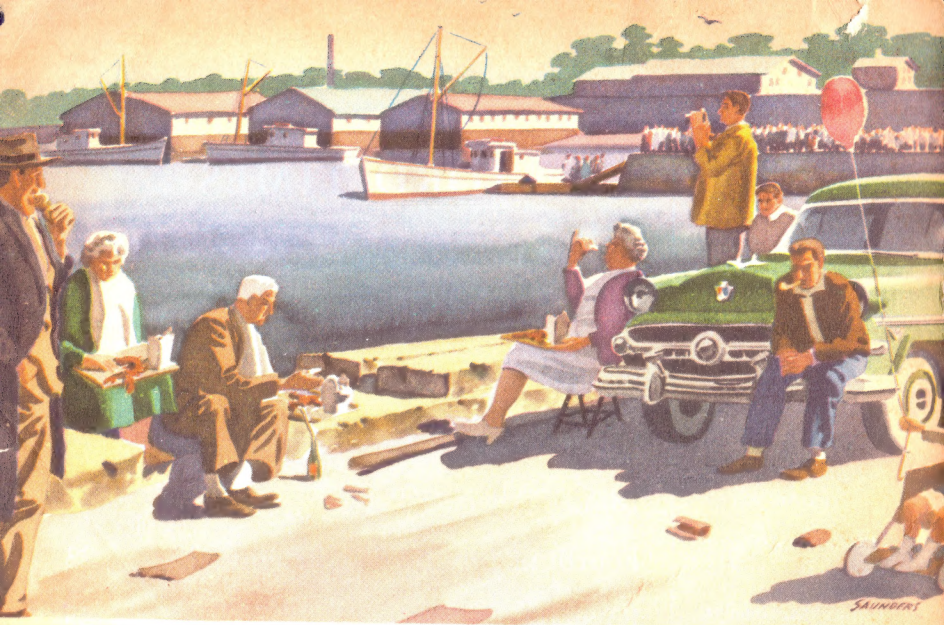


FORD TIMES

july 1954





For a creature that stands no chance of winning a beauty contest, the lobster has inspired a remarkable amount of reverence. What other living thing, whether two-, four-, six-, or eight-legged, has made so many gourmets say “ah-h-h” with such dreamy and heartfelt bliss?

This regard for the lobster’s inner qualities as against its outer appearance results in such happy events as the annual lobster festival at Rockland, Maine, the country’s lobster capital. The dates this year are August 6, 7 and 8.

The painting above, showing the Rockland wharf at festival time, was done by F. Wenderoth Saunders, who illustrated “Rockland’s Lobster Festival,” page 32.

FORD TIMES

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The Ford Times is published monthly by
Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer, Dearborn, Michigan

In the Colorado Rockies —

TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

by Alicita and Warren Hamilton

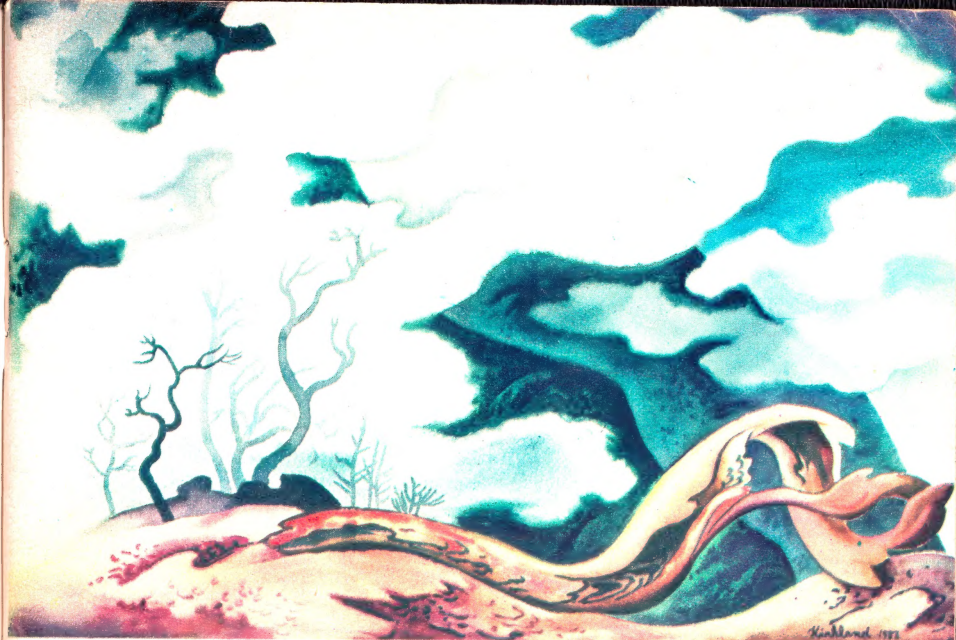
paintings by Vance Kirkland

THE BITING WIND whipped small flurries of August snow around us as we stood on Mount Evans and gazed out at the surrounding great mountains looming like giant whitecaps on a wind-tossed sea. Stretching into the distance was a superb alpine panorama. We were 14,260 feet above sea level—yet little more than an hour from the midsummer heat of the Great Plains. We had just *driven* to the top of Mount Evans on the highest automobile road in the country, and had come to the top of one of the loftiest peaks in Colorado, the land of high mountains and high roads.

The Continental Divide follows a rugged backbone of mountain ranges that, roughly speaking, bisect the state. You cannot cross Colorado in an east-west direction without climbing the Divide, and many of the roads crossing it bring the wild beauty of the high country uniquely close to a steering wheel. They climb densely forested slopes to wizened trees at timberline and on to alpine tundra meadows above, past barren peaks and through airy passes. The meadows sing with color, and never-melting snowbanks make bright highlights on majestic peaks. You can top 10,000 feet above the level of the sea on a score of highway passes, and drive to the summits of two peaks of 14,000-feet-plus. Most of these roads are easily driven

Above right: Clouds at timberline, Mount Evans.

Below right: Wind-sculptured wood, Mount Evans.



—by all except the ultra-timid, perhaps—offering no greater hazard than an occasional stop to let the motor cool and to add more water, and that only if the car is not adjusted for higher altitudes.

The road to the summit of Mount Evans is the highest of these high roads. To reach it you can take U. S. 285 and State Highways 74 and 68 westward from Denver through the pleasant region of the Denver Mountain Parks, or, more directly, take U. S. 6 or 40 to Idaho Springs, then south on State Highway 103. The route is surprisingly little known. Beautiful Echo Lake, far below the peak, is an ideal picnic spot which you pass early on the drive up Mount Evans, but the real attraction is the view from the summit. Mount Evans has a dominant position among the peaks of the central Front Range so that, though surrounded by granite titans, it affords a magnificent view of vast distances.

The snow dusted on the peak called our attention to the welcome warmth and hot coffee of the Crest House. After a snack we emerged into bright sunlight, climbed the last few feet to the very top of the peak, and there inspected the Cosmic Ray Laboratory of the University of Denver. The laboratory is manned by physicists studying radiation from outer space at a vantage point high in the earth's atmosphere.

Lake Abyss, well-named, was half a mile below us; from the far side rose Mt. Bierstadt, named for a German-born American artist whose paintings effectively publicized the mountain beauty of Colorado in the 1860's, thus helping to obtain European capital to finance the construction of railroads, and avoiding, for himself, the impecunious fate common to his profession.

We turned our car next toward the Trail Ridge Road (U.S. 34) across the Continental Divide in Rocky Mountain National Park. Unlike most mountain roads, which follow valleys, Trail Ridge loops along a rolling crest for much of its length. For fifteen miles it is above timberline and near an altitude of 12,000 feet, curving along a tundra carpet with a con-



tinuous and changing vista of mountain heights. Trail Ridge is closed in winter.

Below and to the south is glacier-scoured Forest Canyon with flanking peaks rising a mile above it. Longs Peak, monarch of the park, is beyond. Streams tumble from emerald lakes below giant cliffs and rush into the wilderness. To the west is the lofty desolation of the Never Summer Range. Even in summer the air is clear and crisp on Trail Ridge; storms, though frequent, are brief. Remember to bring warm clothing when you head for the exhilarating land of the high roads.

Highest automobile pass in the state is Independence, on State Highway 82 near Aspen, in the Sawatch Mountains. It is also one of the least-traveled, for it is graveled, not paved, and is off the beaten transcontinental paths. It is an arctic meadowland rising into peaks which include Mount Elbert, 14,431 feet, highest in the state. Nearby is 14,418-foot Mount Massive, a runner-up. Long after you leave the pass you will hear the ring in your ears of wind from the solitude of mountain heights.

These three roads—Mount Evans, Trail Ridge, and Independence Pass—give a superb sampling of the scenic variety of the top of the continent, but each of the other high roads has much to make its traverse exciting and satisfying. From Monarch Pass on U. S. 50, in the Sawatch Mountains, a dozen of Colorado's 14,000-footers can be seen. Loveland Pass (U. S. 6) is perhaps the most scenic of the transcontinental highways. The climax of crossing Berthoud Pass on U. S. 40 is the view of Middle Park and the west wall of the northern Front Range.

The high road most used by sightseers is that from Colorado Springs to the summit of Pikes Peak. This, Colorado's most famous mountain, is actually only the twenty-eighth highest in the state (14,110 feet). It stands massive and isolated, far above a gently rolling upland; the view is of long distances but not of great mountains. Lt. Zebulon M. Pike, who first described it and for whom it is named, estimated its height as 18,000 feet and predicted it would never be scaled. That was in 1806. Today, in midsummer, thousands of tourists a day climb Pikes Peak by auto and cable car.

The Pikes Peak area is one calculated to please the gregarious tourist who likes to be able to take his choice of dozens of first-class motels and, while waiting for his motor to cool on the grueling climb up the mountain switchbacks, to hail as long-lost friends the fellow Texans or Kansans or Vermonters he meets at the spring. By contrast, the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado are a haven for the traveler who shuns his fellow tourists and loves vast silences with his mountain vistas. This region, comparatively unknown to the traveling public, contains some of the most beautiful high hinterland in the state, and is tops for hunting, fishing and camping.

These are only a few of the Colorado highways that offer adventure into wilderness. If you have a few days or a few months to spare, and a yen for beauty, take the high road—the Colorado road. ■

Twin Lakes, near Independence Pass



americamera |

World's Largest Guest Center

FORD's massive Rotunda, now in the second year of its re-dedication as the company's display building and hospitality center, is drawing visitors at a rate that promises to surpass last year's attendance of 1,184,452 persons.

In addition to housing more than forty displays and animated exhibits, the Rotunda serves as the gateway to the Rouge Plant, with tours leaving its lobby every half hour Monday through Friday when the plant is operating. The plant tour includes a ride through the Rouge grounds and a guided trip through the steel mill and along the final assembly line.

The photographs at right show views of the thoroughly remodeled Rotunda. At top is the lounge that offers soft seats for the crowds of sightseers. The center picture shows one of the displays that chart the intricate courses of raw materials on their way to becoming finished automobiles. At bottom is a night view of the building illuminated by searchlights.

The Rotunda registry has recorded visitors from every state in the Union and practically every country on earth. During summer the visitors can take quick tours of the thirteen and a half acres of grounds around the building on which are laid replicas of seventeen famous highways of history, including the Appian Way, the South African Diamond Rush Road, the Oregon Trail, the Dixie Highway, and the Boston Post Road.

The 366-seat Rotunda theater shows a continuous motion picture program free to visitors. The Rotunda is open Monday through Saturday from 8:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. and on Sundays from 1 p.m. to 9 p.m. ■

photograph by Stanley Rosol→



Panfish Derby

Annual fishing field day for young folks

by Cecil and Dottie Heacox

photographs by Stanley Silver

TAKE of small boys and girls about four hundred; of hot dogs thrice that number; of rolls a like amount; and of mustard many jars. Mix with assorted fishing tackle, and scatter around New York's Cross River Reservoir on a Saturday in July—and you have the recipe for the Panfish Derby.

The derby idea was concocted back in 1947, when sportsmen found they were catching few game fish from the Cross River Reservoir. The reservoir, a unit of the New York City water system, is less than an hour's drive from Times Square. The New York State Conservation Department made a survey, and found that too many panfish—perch and sunfish—were competing with more desirable species for the food supply. Like weeds in a garden, they were crowding out their betters.

Here was an ordinary problem in fisheries management; but the solution was extraordinary. The usual procedure is to net out the offending fish, so that the game fish may grow large on the increased per capita food supply. A netting crew went to work for a week. Result: 275 panfish. This low score was no reflection on the crew's efficiency. It was due to the rough bottom and steep contours. The reservoir area was formerly farm country and fifty years later it is still full of submerged stone walls and old cellars.

As the crew leader wryly remarked, "Any kid could do better." The fish manager carried it a step further: "If any

*Above right: The reservoir's shores are lined with young anglers.
Below right: Two entrants receive instructions from an expert.*



New York youngsters compare catch on Derby Day→

kid could do better, what might a hundred kids accomplish?"

After getting permission from the New York City water supply officials, the Sportsmen's Club of Northern Westchester in Katonah took over the idea and with cooperation, good organization and hard work, created the Panfish Derby.

Boys and girls under seventeen can participate. If possible, they bring a pole and bait; if not, the Club provides these essentials. Usually about 200 local small fry enter the Derby and they are joined by approximately 200 boys from Lincoln Hall, a nearby school.

At ten a.m. some Saturday in July the starting gun sounds. Soon the air is bristling with fish hooks, and poles wave and weave an intricate pattern around the water's edge.

At three o'clock the youthful Waltons troop back to the picnic grounds carrying strings of soggy and smelly fish. After counting, weighing, and measuring, the cry, "Come and get it" rings out. Experienced and wary sportsmen step to one side as the line forms. The line goes round and round the picnic table, efficiently manned by sportsmen and their wives, until the supply of hot dogs is exhausted. Each full-to-bursting kid has acquired a mustard mustache, the size of which denotes approximately the number of hot dogs consumed.

The Derby winds up with a presentation of over forty prizes which include a handsome trophy cup and dozens of other prizes donated by local merchants and national manufacturers.

High hook goes to a lad who caught over 200 fish! An 8-inch monster sunfish is the largest; a 1½-inch pygmy, brought proudly forth from a pants pocket, is the smallest. Total for the day: 4066; grand total for the six years of the Derby: 19,593. A fish manager's dream—imagine having 400 assistants on a job at the same time, all charged with high-octane enthusiasm.

That is the annual Panfish Derby. What started as a fish management gimmick is now a community tradition—a tradition which preserves the stuff our democratic society is made of. It preserves, too, a divine right of childhood: the cut pole, the bent pin, all that goes with "just fishin'."

The winners await distribution of the day's prizes→



The Gates of the Mountains

story and photographs by Ernst C. Peterson

TRAVELING up the Missouri River through what is now Montana on July 19, 1805, Captain Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition discovered a gorge which prompted this entry in his journal:

this evening we entered much the most remarkable cliffs that we have yet seen. these cliffs rise from the water's edge on either side perpendicularly to the hight of about 1200 feet. the towering and projecting rocks in many places seem to tumble on us. the river appears to have forced its way through this immense body of solid rock for a distance of $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles and where it makes its exit below has thrown on either side vast collumns of rock mountains high. It is deep from side to side nor is ther in the 1st 3 miles of this distance a spot except one of a few yards in extent on which a man could rest the soal of his foot.

Lewis named the formation the Gates of the Mountains, because the cliff walls seem to open in the manner of huge rock gates at the entrance to the canyon. The party managed to make camp after dark at the mouth of a small canyon. Today this site, called Meriwether Camp, is the western entrance to Meriwether Canyon and the Gates of the Mountains Wild Area. The Forest Service has constructed a campground here for those who wish to hike into this Wild Area.

Holter Dam has deepened the waters of the canyon now and tamed them, making this a popular recreational area. Excursion boats make trips to Meriwether Camp and the Gates of the Mountains in summer. The boat landing is about thirty minutes' drive north of Helena, on U. S. 91. ■

*Above right: Cliff walls, Missouri River Canyon.
Below right: Excursion boat leaving the landing.*





CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

Restyling for Outdoors

by Burgess H. Scott

WITH summer here the hobby of restyling and altering cars takes on an outdoor flavor. Pictured above is a used Ford Courier bought by Leonard Bleecker of Scotia, New York, and to the right above is the Ranch Wagon he made of it by cutting windows in the side panels and installing used seats. He kept the Courier's original vertical rear door.

Rick Rickel of Tucson, Arizona, used 1950 and 1951 Ford parts in making the four-passenger trailer

shown on the next page, below. The sides are from '51 quarter panels with about fifteen inches added to the front end. The front and rear panels are of plywood. The wheels, hub caps, bumper, tail lights, and side moulding are all '50 Ford.

He has installed a small steel storage compartment between the bumper and the trailer body. The rig will sleep four adults. There is a fourteen-gallon water tank in front and a seven-gallon tank at



left rear. An ice box and bread box are at right rear, and storage compartments run the full length of each side.

The cloth portion is made of convertible top material. Sides and ends can be folded up over the top or be removed individually. The inside, exclusive of all storage and tanks, and not including area enclosed by the top, measures 45 by 77 by 25 inches. The unit is of all-welded construction.

One of the best characteristics

of this trailer is great strength combined with unusual lightness. Its automobile-like lines also make for a pleasing appearance. ■





Illinois' Allerton Park

by Erma Espy

paintings by John Dukes McKee

A LITTLE more than fifty years ago a young man named Robert Allerton set out to demonstrate, on his land in the Sangamon River Valley, that art and nature could not only be married, but live happily ever after. Sculpture, architecture and landscape design were his media, and the result was an estate—now Allerton Park—which gives the visitor a sense of stepping into another world.

The park is near Monticello, Illinois, and is accessible from State Highways 47 or 105. Most of its statue-studded gardens reflect other times and other peoples, but even the most foreign of them, seen against a backdrop of native trees and shrubs, seems quite at home on the Illinois prairie.

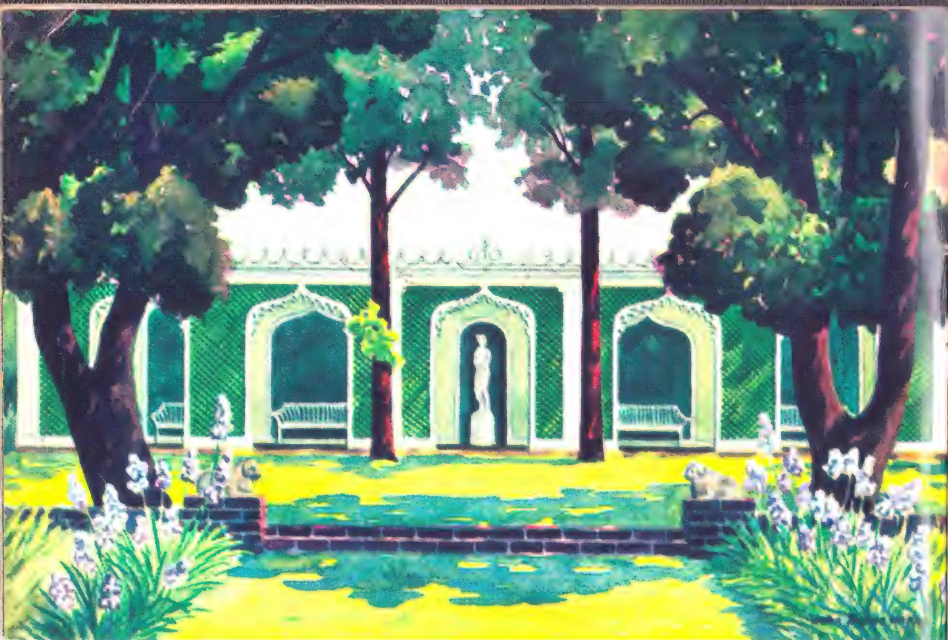
One approach to the Garden of Fu Dogs, for example, is along a trail lined with wisteria and honeysuckle. The Fu Dog is actually a highly stylized lion commonly found on home altars of the Buddhist faithful. There are twenty-two of them here, each a shiny bright blue and mounted on a tall stone pedestal, against a background of symmetrical white firs.

The Maze Garden, too, is Chinese. Its precise geometric patterns, made of over three thousand feet of tidily clipped privet hedge, are best seen by climbing a flight of concealed steps and walking along the wide top of the surrounding wall.

The two large stone fish that decorate the designs were once fountain ornaments in a prince's garden in Peiping. In the

Above left: "Allerton House"

Below left: The peony garden



← *The pavilion in Lost Garden*

pavilion of Lost Garden there is a fine copy of a Venus done in 1812 by the Italian sculptor, Antonio Canova. The Sunken Garden is a great amphitheatre of concrete with a floor of superlatively smooth green grass, showing a Balinese influence. The impressive goldfish atop its pillars were once roof ornaments on a palace in Nagoya.

Throughout the park, sculpture both well known and obscure is displayed in appropriate gardens or natural settings. The north entrance is guarded by limestone copies of the well known "Charioteer of Delphi" done originally in bronze about 470 B.C. by an unknown sculptor. The concrete "Girl with the Scarf" in the center of the Brick Garden is an appealing example of contemporary art by Lili Auer of Chicago. A stone copy of Rodin's famous "Adam" rests in a setting of clipped arbor vitae. The "Death of the Last Centaur," an astonishing and imposing figure by Bourdelle symbolizing the death of paganism, is in a glade surrounded by giant oaks, whose falling leaves each autumn become part of the allegory. On a high platform, in the blazing prairie sunlight, stands a replica of Carl Milles' "Sun Singer."

Robert Allerton, who now lives in Hawaii, gave these fifteen hundred acres of his homestead to the University of Illinois in 1946, to be used as an educational and research center, a wildlife and plant life reserve, an example of landscape architecture, and a public park. The income from farms lying north of the Sangamon provides for maintenance and further development.

There are three houses within the park, including the brick mansion which Allerton built in 1900 for his own use, and which is now known as Allerton House. All three are used constantly by the University for conferences and seminars, and are available to other educational groups. The park is not a playground or sports area, but picnic tables are provided. Luncheons and dinners are usually obtainable in Allerton House by reservation. The park is open every day from ten a.m. to sunset.

← *Hedges in the Maze Garden*



Fourth of July by Candlelight

story and painting by Marjorie and Grant Heilman

FOR MORE than a hundred years now, the little Dutch town of Lititz, in eastern Pennsylvania, has been having one of the safest, sanest, and prettiest Fourth of July celebrations in the country.

Instead of honoring the anniversary of American independence with gunpowder, the people simply light candles—thousands of them. Lititz Spring Park, owned by the Moravian Church, is made to dance and shimmer like a skyful of stars as candles are placed along the stream that runs through it.

When candles were first used for a Fourth of July celebration in the park, in 1843, they numbered four hundred. This year there will be about six thousand.

Plans for the celebration are usually started early in the year, with the park committee designating one family to make the candles. The present candle maker is Harry Regennas, a candy manufacturer in Lititz. The candles are made from pure kidney tallow and are molded in old-fashioned tin candle molds during the winter when low temperature stiffens the tallow.

Recently something was added to the ceremony: the selection of a Queen of Candles from the senior class at Lititz High School. After she is crowned, all the candles in the park are lit from her one lighted candle.

The candle ceremony has no particular religious or patriotic significance. It is simply carried on because the people of Lititz enjoy it.

As one Dutch housewife said, "Oh, sure, the candles are chust for fancy."



BOYHOOD AT SALT AIR

by George S. Nelson . . . paintings by V. Douglas Snow

THE VISITOR, seeing the sign, "Turn Here to World Famous Saltair" on U. S. 40, about fifteen miles west of Salt Lake City, may be unimpressed by the first sight of this inland sea. There are no lush shores. The salt-encrusted beaches repel even the growth of grass. No fish enliven its waters—a minute salt shrimp is the only inhabitant. The lake looks barren and silent.

But to me it is as exciting as the cave of Ali Baba. I was brought up at Saltair, spending every summer at the pavilion that rested on piles in the lake itself, from the time I was six until I left for the Army in the First World War. My father was for much of that time the manager of Saltair resort. It was my playground, my work, my passion.

Even the smell of decaying salt shrimps on the lake shore does not bother me. That smell meant our train was nearly at the Saltair gates and soon I'd be swimming in the lake. I never could understand why adults took so long to find a picnic table under the bowery or spend so much time in conversation. I was on fire to get on to the main event—the cool waters of the lake with their familiar, yet peculiar, buoyancy.

Floating in the waters of Great Salt Lake is akin to pretending you are Peter Pan and can fly. You can't sink! You can double up your knees in a sitting position or lie back comfortably, as if in a rocking chair. Your feet never touch

Above left: The pavilion at "World Famous Saltair."

Below left: Viewing Antelope Island from the pavilion.



← *The Giant Racer, swinging high over the lake.*

bottom—indeed, the problem is to keep your head higher than your feet. You can lie there comfortably and watch the sky and pretend you are on a new planet with no gravity. Of course, I had to learn the tricks of the lake the hard way: not to catch onto a rope (which becomes a hazard in the buoyant water) and not to swim into a wave with open mouth, breathing in. But the salt water leaves a whiteness on your body that catches the sunlight, and seems a tonic. You feel light-hearted and free.

Bathing suit styles have changed considerably since I was an aisle boy on the bathhouse pier. (At twelve I advanced to taking tickets at the bathing gate.) Father had to put in a call for the sheriff once because a woman wore a one-piece suit and refused to wear long stockings. I wish I'd kept some of those old Saltair suits that we rented to bathers. The women's were of mohair, with full skirts over bloomers, and the blouses had sailor collars natty with white braid. The men's woolen suits had sleeves to the elbow and pants that covered the knees.

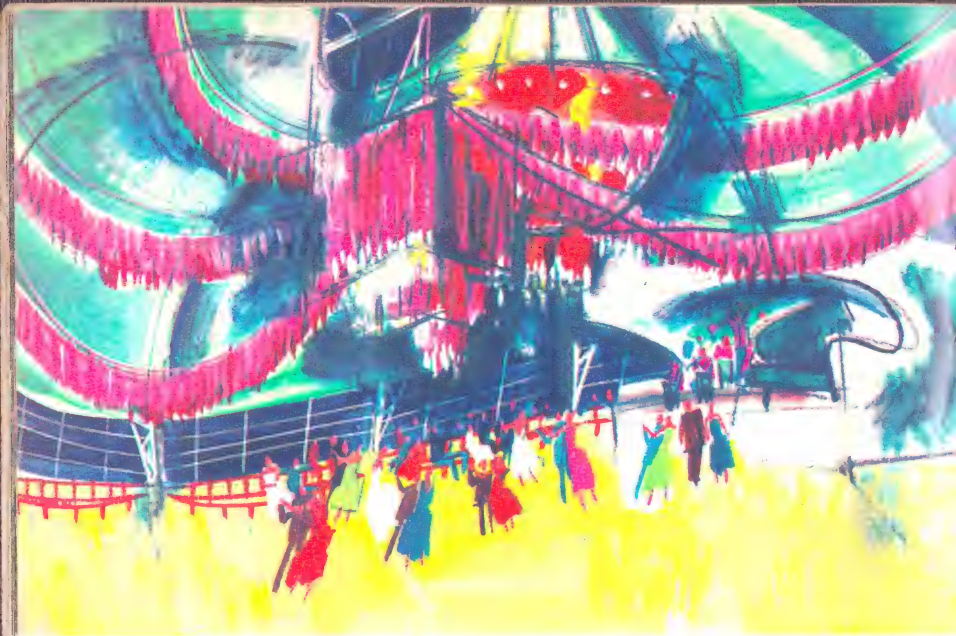
I loved the excitement of the crowds when Saltair was in its heyday. Salt Lake City was then just a small town, but on a hot Fourth of July five thousand bathers would go through Saltair's gates, and ten thousand crowded there to dance to Owen Sweeten's band, or picnic in the bowery while they watched the sunset over Stansbury Island. In the Ship Cafe, decorated with potted palms, waiters were deferential and the orchestra played "Kiss Me Again."

The popcorn stands were manned by college boys. The boy who sold ice cream became Governor Maw of Utah. The boy who worked as a car starter on the roller coaster is National Committeeman Rawlings of the Democratic Party. It was a good place for a boy to spend his vacation.

Saltair spelled fun, too, with the attractions it sponsored: bull fights, with toreadors imported from Mexico; wrestling matches with Mike Yokel the current champion; flying exhibitions with the Wright Brothers in their biplane on a flat a few miles east of Saltair. That was in the year 1907 or '08.

Trains to Saltair ran every forty-five minutes, your choice of

← *Early flight demonstrations at Saltair Resort.*



← *The dance floor, claimed to be the world's largest.*

open or closed car. It was nice to sit in a closed car going out, but coming home, the girls let their hair blow in the open coaches, and the crowd sang, "When You Wore a Tulip."

The trains were run by old-fashioned steam engines, but Father introduced something new. He had acquired a heavy French automobile—a Panhard. Every time the family took a ride, that car blew a tire. Father had the wheels removed and equipped the car with flanged steel wheels fitted to the tracks of the Saltair Railroad. Thereupon the Panhard spent its days hauling freight and the family from the city to the resort.

When I was sixteen I acquired my first motor boat. It was the original slow boat to China. But who cared? We filled it with girls and boys and a chaperone and ukeles and took off for Antelope Island. The six-mile trip often took an hour. (I later swam that same course in two hours and twenty-one minutes with an unfavorable wind and a choppy sea.) If we left the pavilion at sunset we could, with proper timing, watch the moon come up over the mountains on Antelope Island.

It was in this boat I courted the girl I later married. We often cast off in the early evening, and ate our picnic lunch as we watched the sun go down and the lights of the pavilion come on. The reflection of the lighted Moorish arches in the lake was magic. We could hear the band playing, and we could get close enough to watch the dancers through the large arches of the dance floor, or see the couples strolling the piers. It is only since we married that I discovered my wife would rather have been dancing, too.

Great Salt Lake has never seemed desolate or forbidding to me. It has the same quiet beauty as the desert. The blue skies of Utah give color to the water. The waves sparkle in the sun. The Garfield Smelter on the south shore puts on a fiery spectacle after dark when the hot slag is dumped and flows down a slope. Sunsets are unbelievable in color.

I have a sailboat now, to take the place of the little-boy joys I knew when Saltair was a gala resort. The sound of water lapping against wooden piles will always be music to my ears

← *The Garfield Smelter dumping fiery slag at night.*



Chincoteague

Wild Pony Roundup

by Jay Dugan . . . paintings by Evelyn Wynne

THE VOLUNTEER FIREMEN of Chincoteague Island, off the eastern shore of Virginia, should dredge their oysters, put out their fires, and leave cowboying to Westerners. Such, no doubt, are the sentiments of the 150 wild ponies on nearby Assateague Island.

For on the last Wednesday of July these shaggy creatures become the quarry in one of the year's strangest roundups. On that day the hip-booted firemen ferry the channel, mount horses, and plunge with whoops and hollers across the salt marshes and thickets. Four hours later some ten thousand spectators line the Chincoteague shore to see the band of wild ponies, or horses—they're just fifty-four inches high, but you can get an argument either way—corralled on the far beach.

Although not impressive at first glance, there's something primitive and proud about the stumpy and uncurried quadrupeds that wins the hearts of kids and grownups alike. Origin of the band is uncertain, but the ponies have roamed the thirty-five-mile island for two hundred years, living on salt grass and berries, and pawing the sandy soil for water. Chincoteague fell heir to the herd, and the volunteer fire company shrewdly bought up the best of the ponies for breeding stock.

At low tide the ponies are driven across the channel and on to the Fair Grounds where the auction is held next day. Bronc busting, pony racing, and a feast of fat, juicy Chincoteague oysters complete the Fair. By Monday the Fire Department treasury is considerably plumper, and the brood mares and stallions once more roam Assateague undisturbed.

*Above left: Ponies coming ashore on Chincoteague Island.
Below left: On Main Street—ponies en route to Fair Grounds.*

For three days a year, the Rockland waterfront becomes a carnival for lobster-lovers

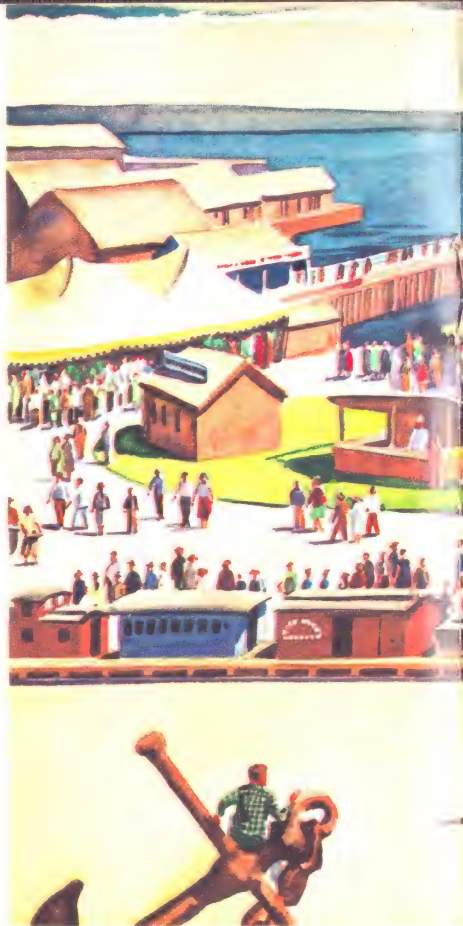
This article is reprinted from "New England Journeys—Number 2", a travel book of New England attractions. Free copies may be had by writing to New England Journeys, Dept. F, Back Bay P.O. Box 151, Boston, Massachusetts.

Rockland's Lobster Festival

*by Robert Martin Hodesh
paintings by
F. Wenderoth Saunders*

ON THE FIRST Saturday in August a band will come booming along the streets of Rockland, Maine. The girls with batons will be high-stepping it. There will be bands from all over the state. A model locomotive on rubber wheels, manned by a crew of busy clowns, will come chuffing along. The crowds will be enormous.

This parade will be a high point in the annual Maine Seafoods Festival. For a week end—August 6, 7 and 8—homage





will be paid to the most important marine creature in the state: the lobster.

When the final band has tootled by, the crowd will surge after it, headed for the harbor where the real business of the festival—eating—takes place. Everybody gets into one of several long lines that converge on a tent inside of which is a toothsome, sixty-foot assembly line. You push your tray through the seafood cafeteria in blissful anticipation, taking on some

In these tanks they boil lobsters by the thousand→

potato chips, a scoop of steamed clams, a morsel of fish, and finally a boiled lobster.

The guests are practically a coast-to-coast sampling. There are enough ten-gallon hats to remind you of Phoenix. Some visitors' voices have the hail-fellow rasp of the western plains, others are pure honeysuckle from Louisiana. One year the heady odor of lobsters from the huge boilers on Rockland's wharf wafted across the bow of a warship far offshore. Presently, the ship dropped anchor and the crew, with dreamy-eyed expectancy, took to the launches and joined in the frolic.

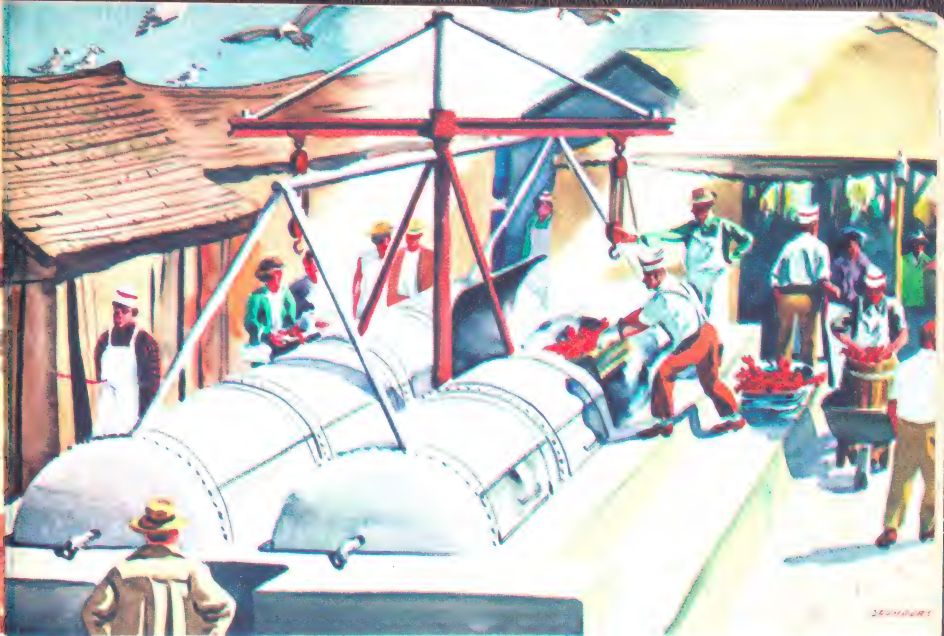
And of course there are the natives. The marks of a New Englander at lobster eating time are a tweed coat (which is always useful in Maine even early in August) and a finishing nail. The nail is the only tool you need. It helps you get the meat out of a lobster's legs.

The festival is now eight years old and has become well established as a part of Maine culture, even though eight years isn't much as they measure time Down East. The first one in Maine was at Camden, where it was held for one year. Rockland now has a firm grip on it, with a festival board including members of all the service clubs in the town and hundreds of volunteer workers to turn it into Maine's merriest attack on malnutrition. In 1953 they served more than 21,000 lobsters.

Each year the festival is accompanied by a goodly amount of ritual. There is a bass-voiced Neptune who presides over the festivities, which include much justified oratory on the beauty of Maine in general and lobsters in particular. There is a court of princesses from each of the maritime counties of the state, and part of the fun is to choose a queen to accompany Neptune back to the sea, where he goes as the festival ends.

You couldn't find a bevy of prettier mermaids anywhere, but when all is said and done the most honored creature at the festival is not a young lady but *Homarus americanus*, the lobster, to the eye a very homely thing, to the palate a very beautiful one.

One of the tents contains a seafood assembly line→



Guardian of the Santa Fe Trail

by James W. Arrott
photographs by Robert Miller

IN MORA COUNTY, New Mexico, near the present town of Watrous on U.S. 85, is the site of Fort Union, soon to become a National Monument. As the guardian of the old Santa Fe Trail, it will be a significant addition to our nation's park system.

Fort Union was constructed at the conclusion of the Mexican War, when the United States acquired the vast and wild Southwest—now New Mexico and Arizona. Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner selected the position of the fort so as to protect the Santa Fe Trail at the point where its two branches united. A staunch Union man, he gave it the name Fort Union.

The original fortress was situated against the side of a hill in the beautiful Fort Union valley, where it served from 1851 until 1861. The Civil War necessitated construction of a new fort that could withstand the assaults of well-equipped and organized Confederate soldiers. The earthworks and intrenchments of the second fort, about one mile from the earlier site, are in the shape of a gigantic star.

When the Civil War ended, new settlers streamed in, requiring protection from the Indians who were as yet unsubdued. Fort Union was rebuilt once again, this time on a more elaborate scale. During the Indian engagements Kit Carson was among its famed commanders. But as the Santa Fe Railroad advanced west, the need for the old fort passed, and on May 14, 1891, it was abandoned.

The ruins of the three structures and the Arsenal property, covering about nine hundred acres, have been offered to the National Park Service by the present owners, the paving of an access road from U. S. 85 is being planned. Thus preservation of the ancient landmark as a national shrine has been assured.





Mountain Burro Race

by Geneva Yockey . . . photographs by Forrest Yockey

WHEN gold was discovered at Leadville, Colorado, in the 1860's, prospectors joined in a frenzied race from Fairplay, across 13,188-foot Mosquito Pass, to the new camp.

Following in the pioneers' footsteps on the first Sunday of August will be some twenty men—and possibly women—dragging, coaxing, cussing, and otherwise persuading their long-eared companions over the world's roughest and highest race track. The event will be the sixth annual running of the World's Championship Pack-Burro Race.

Although time has changed the outward appearance of the bleak, wind-swept reaches of Mosquito Pass, the eagerness and fortitude of the race contestants annually parallels that of their brethren of a century ago. For one thing, the burro race track is just about as tough to conquer now as it was when the white men acquired it from the Indians. For another, a cash prize awaits the winner at the end of the trail.

Since gold was struck at Fairplay in 1859, the area has seen prosperity, abandonment and resurrection. Leadville, at first a gold camp, became one of the richest silver camps, then went back to gold, iron, and zinc. Climax, a few miles to the north, is now the world's largest producer of molybdenum. Thus the trail over Mosquito Pass has always been a lure to "the greener grass on the other side of the hill." It was at one time the route of the famous old stage line from Denver that ran through Fairplay to Mosquito Gulch and Leadville.

The idea for the race over Mosquito Pass developed in the

*Above right: Handlers coax balky burros to the starting line.
Below right: The crowd urges the burros on as the race begins.*



Racers, moving past South London Mine, begin the climb up Mosquito Pass→

summer of 1949 when Fairplay business men were discussing ways of adding new life to their annual Gold Days celebration. Since Fairplay rightfully claims the title of "Burro Capital of the World," it was quite natural that these loyal creatures would be included along with the old trail in any community enterprise. The pack burro race was the result.

Rigid rules of ethics and sportsmanship govern the sport. Mountain men do not take kindly to a cheat, nor do they look with favor upon abuse of their trustful donkeys, unless it is verbal abuse. The racers do not ride since the animal is already burdened with a normal fifty-pound pack of miner's equipment, such as a pick, shovel and gold pans.

The best race time was made in 1952 when the trek from Leadville to Fairplay was accomplished in four hours and seventeen minutes. Last year the course was reversed and, because of geographic differences, the time went up to four hours and fifty-two minutes. But whichever way the race is run, two factors never change: the distance, close to twenty-three miles, and the climb, which to the summit of this pass through Colorado's highest range is about three thousand feet from either town.

The race this year is scheduled to start in Leadville and finish in Fairplay at a line across Front Street where stands the monument to "Prunes, a Burro." The simple but enduring memorial was erected by the townspeople in 1930 when Prunes died at the age of sixty-three, after serving the community and several masters faithfully during his long life.

Tickets to watch the race are one dollar, which entitles the holder to a guess at the winning time and a chance at a prize. The fee also provides prize money for the winning teams. Visitors may enter Fairplay and Leadville over any one of several modern highways, but they are not advised to take State Highway 300. This is the designation given to the trail over Mosquito Pass which, although appropriate for stage-coach travel in the 1870's and ideal for burro racing, is not recommended for automobile traffic. ■

Andy Anderson and Bosco, 1953 contestants, inspect the monument to Prunes→



My Tom Sawyer Town—

Randolph, New Hampshire

by G. Milton Smith . . . paintings by David Smith

A STARTLED chipmunk scurried into the woods, missing by a whisker a "Deer Crossing" sign on U. S. Route 2. The next sign we saw said: "Entering Randolph."

"But," said Davie and Win five minutes later, "where is Randolph?"

It was a fair question. For miles Randolph, New Hampshire, is nothing but pasture and woodland.

I had hoped it would be like this. I wanted my wife and our boys to find Randolph as difficult to locate and as exciting as I had thirty years before. I knew the White Mountains wouldn't let me down. The granite peaks of Adams and Madison would still be there to stir the blood. But it makes a difference where you see them from. Randolph was once the ideal spot.

Suddenly Davie squealed with delight. His eye had caught the flash of larkspur and snapdragons that fired the lawn of Randolph's valley inn, the Ravine House. And Win held his breath when the full view of the Northern Peaks struck him between the eyes. Beyond a peaceful meadow these mighty bulwarks of Mt. Washington erupted into the clouds; and just below the cone of Adams gaped the jaws of King Ravine.

Fran and the boys were suddenly as impatient as I to feel the pine needles under foot, to hear the splash and roar of waterfall and mountain brook, and to come to grips with the headwall of the great ravine.

The introduction to Randolph was a success. Nothing had

Above right: "The boys and I attacked the hardpan . . ."

Below right: The Little White Church nestles among pines.



U. S. Route 2, near Randolph, is "a carefree highway"→

changed much, although the old swimming hole proudly displayed a new sign: NO DOGS. NO FAKE DROWNING. NO GUM CHEWING.

On down the valley we came to the Woods' century-old farmhouse which for two generations has shared a room with the U. S. Post Office. Finding the little parking area blocked by a car door carelessly left ajar, I muttered sourly: "Another absent-minded professor, I'll bet." Just then Harvard's former president, James Bryant Conant, clad in slacks and sweater and deeply absorbed in his mail, crossed over to the car, closed the door, and drove slowly up the hill. Randolph's summer visitors were as distinguished as ever.

Besides the post office, the only other important public building in Randolph valley is the railroad station which rises on the far edge of the meadow from a patch of timothy and clover. The station's functions are a little ambiguous, for it usually flaunts a colorful clothesline.

But now we had a date with the upper part of Randolph. Part way up the hill a tiny white chapel nestles among pines. Here the eminent Harvard theologian, George Foote Moore, used to conduct once each summer a one-man service. After a learned discourse on the relative merits of Judaism, Taoism, and Christianity, he would descend from the pulpit, seat himself at the harmonium and simultaneously play, pump the bellows and lead with lusty voice, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." It was always a stirring occasion.

Near the top of the hill we came to the Mt. Crescent House, a venerable box-like structure designed to be looked from, rather than at. The view was as magnificent as ever. A bear cub had recently strayed off Mt. Crescent and disrupted a croquet game, but this is traditional. Sunday dinner still draws guests from all over the hill. After dinner you could hardly toss a pine cone onto the porch without hitting a Nobel Prize winner, the author of a book on the Himalayas, or a professor of Icelandic literature. In this company the only distinction is illiteracy. We decided to stay. During the week we sampled a lively square

Randolph's new playhouse where there is also barn dancing→



dance and a "hymn sing" in the new Playhouse.

One afternoon toward sundown we took a stroll along the Pasture Path. I wanted to see what time had done to my favorite view. Hemlocks and spruces had grown high, but the green ridges and gray summits, now changing to purple and flaming orange as the sun set, still rose in majesty above them.

"Wish we owned a little piece of this," I dreamed out loud. Davie and Win shouted for joy at the thought.

"It would be wonderful—if we could afford it," said practical Fran. "But where can we buy groceries? And where would you boys get your hair cut?"

I told her about Charlie Hamlin's store five miles away in Gorham; and about the barber who once believed "lightnin' wouldn't set fire to buildin's in August." Fran hesitated. But about then two whip-poor-wills exchanged their wistful notes. "All right," she said. "Let's take a chance."

The next morning I went to see gnarled old Johnny Boothman, one of Randolph's most enduring landmarks. I told him what we wanted, and he named a price. It was more than we could afford, but when he had sketched the location on an old envelope I made a ten dollar deposit and proudly "took title" to two glorious acres.

"Pay the rest when you can," said Johnny Boothman.

I had a painful afterthought: "What about taxes?" I said.

"Don't worry," he said as he drove off for the mail, but I remembered having heard that from land operators before.

This was two years ago. Since then the boys and I have cleared the ground, attacked the hardpan with pick and shovel, made concrete piers and laid the sills for a cabin. When the budget ran out last September we left for home. At this rate it would take us three years to build our cabin—four, if taxes were what I expected. But, up to then, no bill.

It came, inevitably—a sense of defeat in a yellow envelope. There it was, official seal and all: "Town of Randolph, N. H. Tax Collector's Office."

This was it. I had been warned that taxes had climbed. I opened the envelope:

Taxes for the year 1952—\$4.53. Discount for payment before October 1st—\$0.09.



photograph by Ned French

Prize-Winning Church—

a one-picture story

THE church pictured above was recently awarded a first prize for excellence of design, a decision heartily endorsed by the congregation, for its very simplicity has not only produced a pleasing “atmosphere of worship” but at a price the small parish could afford.

Faced with the need for a new church building, the Reverend David Sward, pastor of Christ the King Lutheran Church of Van Nuys, California, went to the architect, Culver Heaton, with two basic requirements: the structure must inspire reverence—unlike a cracker box or gymnasium—and the price could not exceed \$25,000. Both demands were met by the simple “A” design with its graceful and symbolic lines. The sanctuary seats 150, and folding acoustic panels divide it into Sunday School classrooms.



Table Top Planning

photographs by Robert Boram

THE VAST new buildings and other facilities that are a part of Ford Motor Company's \$1,600,000,000 postwar expansion program come into being as projects long before ground is broken for actual construction. In fact, they exist in a fully planned stage in many cases before the exact location is known.

A given plant program may have several possible locations, and the final site is chosen only after exhaustive surveys have shown that a community offers

what is needed—physically, economically, and sociologically—for the project in question.

Typical of this groundwork is the thorough job done in selecting Louisville, Kentucky, as the site for an assembly plant totaling more than 1,500,000 square feet of manufacturing space with a daily production capacity of more than 1,000 cars and trucks. Economists and analysts surveyed the area carefully to determine its present and future sales potential.

Economic and sociological

trends of the area were studied, including shifts in population, employment and income. The experts checked into the adequacy of the local labor supply; highways, railroads and airlines serving the area; water, power and fuel supplies; and housing, sanitary, educational and recreational facilities. They also investigated area trends relating directly to highway transportation such as car and truck usage and vehicle scrappage.

After collecting and evaluating all available information, market reports were prepared detailing alternate plans by which the company might obtain the added capacity needed.

The result is a "cornfield plant"—the name that Ford layout engineers have for a newly-designed manufacturing facility which has been planned down to the last detail but for which a site has not yet been chosen.

Layouts of "cornfield plants" typify the minute detail with which Ford plans a new facility. The layouts stretch across large tables, as shown in the accompanying photographs, on which men in their stocking feet walk back and forth carefully positioning bits of plastic representing workers, machines, loading docks, supply bins, finished cars and other parts forming a detailed scale model of the

new manufacturing plant.

While the architects and engineers are busy with their plastic models and T-squares, teams of trained field men visit suggested sites within the designated new-plant area with a two-fold job:

Field men first recheck on the availability of transportation, utilities and communications, as well as the area's accessibility both to raw materials and the market for finished products. Secondly, they investigate such matters as soil conditions to insure firm foundations and ease of excavation.

Findings are turned over to top management for selection of the one best site in the area for the project. That selection clears the way for purchase of the land, letting of contracts and actual construction. ■





Grandfather Mountain

photographs by Frank J. Miller

THERE are several reasons why motorists enjoy Grandfather Mountain (*below, left*), a 5,964-foot peak in the Linville section of western North Carolina. Seen from among its high and usually flower-strewn meadows, the peak is very handsome and unusually photogenic.

Grandfather Mountain provides additional enjoyment because a good road reaches its top. You leave U.S. 221 a mile west of the Blue Ridge Parkway, about twenty-five miles from the town of Boone.

Just above the mile-high mark you come to the bridge shown in the upper picture on the opposite page. It is called the Swinging Bridge and was so named because when the winds of the heights rush at it broadside it sways slightly—on purpose, of course. The bridge connects Convention Peak with Linville Peak. Sometimes low-lying clouds shroud it completely, which adds to the mystery and sense of adventure that always accompanies a visit to this as well as other of the Carolina mountains.

On the fourth Sunday in June, the meadows below Grandfather are the scene of a festival called “Singing on the Mountain.” For thirty years, Joe Hartley, originator of the festival and caretaker of the mountain, has been organizing a day of folk music, gospel singing, and preaching. It’s a perfect occasion for visitors to see mountain people at their best.

Even without the festival, the trip to Grandfather is worthwhile. The meadows are beautiful with or without flowers and the various views are stupendous.



David among Goliaths

By Richard L. Neuberger

paintings by Edwin Fulwider

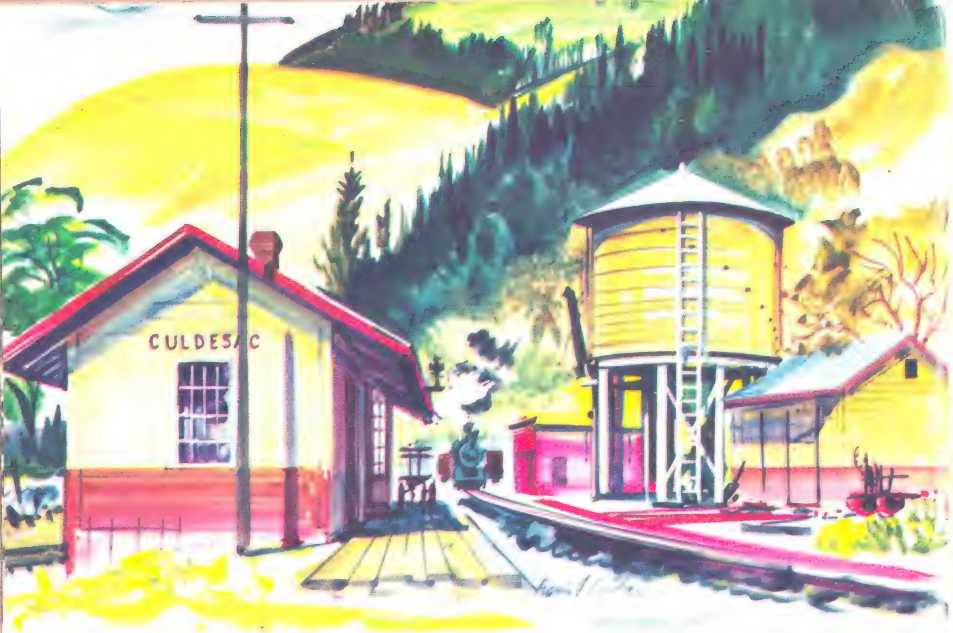
CAMAS PRAIRIE No. 1 weighs 3,220 pounds. Camas Prairie No. 344, the morning passenger for Grangeville, weighs 990,000 pounds. But when No. 1 rolls blithely over the Camas Prairie line, No. 344 often goes "in the hole" and waits fretfully like an impatient pachyderm.

Camas Prairie No. 1 is a four-door 1947 Ford sedan fitted with flanged wheels. It patrols one of the most spectacular frontier railroads on the North American continent, the 308-mile Camas Prairie system which fans out through the solitudes of Idaho and the State of Washington along the Snake and Clearwater rivers. The Camas Prairie is owned jointly by the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific.

It is a miniature railroad compared with its transcontinental parents, but partisans of the little line claim that few others in America thread so historic a route. Indeed, the Camas Prairie occasionally calls itself "The Lewis and Clark System" because it follows strategic segments of the trail blazed by these first of all westbound Americans.

Amateur historians on the Camas Prairie line claim that Lewis and Clark were the original white men to record the word which gives the backwoods railroad its name, "camas," a succulent root favored by the Indians as a food, especially to eat with the fish that are so abundant along the route.

*Above left: Intricate engineering between Culdesac and Grangeville, Idaho.
Below left: Tunnel Number Three on the Camas Prairie's twisting route.*



← *The tiny town of Culdesac is a stop on the Camas Prairie line.*

Ira A. Wolters, sixty-five-year-old veteran railroader and general manager of the Camas Prairie, sits at the wheel when No. 1 takes the high iron. Of course, this is merely a figure of speech, for No. 1 steers itself. "I like to feel the steering wheel in my hands, anyway," Wolters explains.

Because the Camas Prairie is a railroad on stilts, a ride in No. 1 furnishes as many thrills as an amusement-park roller coaster. On one 40-mile stretch in the Crag Mountains the track spans 60 trestles. Some of the trestles are as lofty as a 20-floor office building. A passenger in the back seat of No. 1 has the feeling he is aboard a helicopter or dirigible. He looks directly down and sees only 280 feet of ozone.

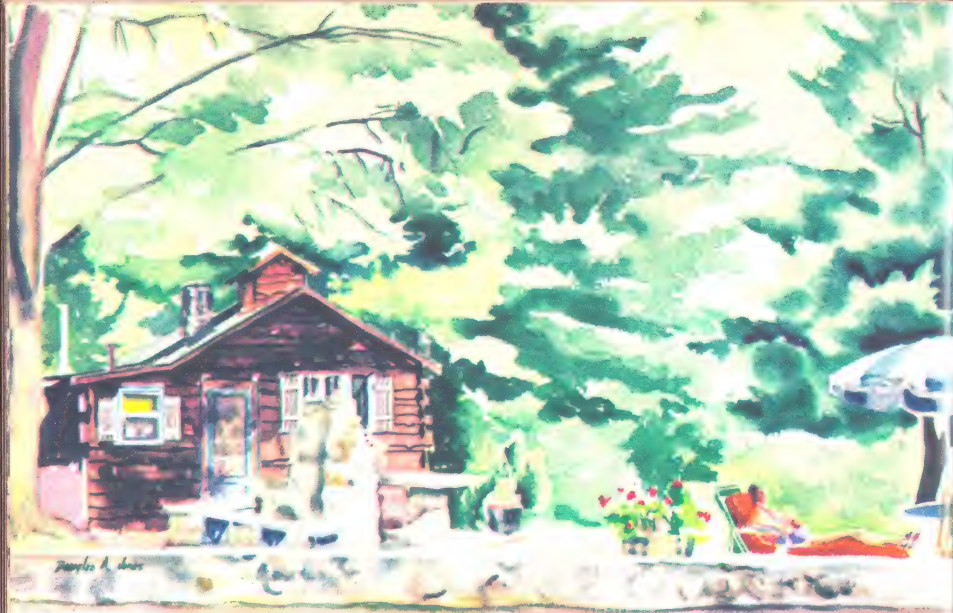
Yet giddy though this sensation may be, No. 1 has never dented a fender or cracked a windshield in 60,000 miles of travel on Camas Prairie rails. Tire shields, suspended on metal strips from the front bumper, push off any stray rocks which may tumble onto the tracks. Red and green spotlights give it an authentic railroad touch by night, as the Ford cruises at 55 miles an hour.

No. 1 operates under full train orders, just like a 100-car freight hoisted up the 2.2 per cent grade at Culdesac by a trio of MacArthur-type steam locomotives. A David among Goliaths, No. 1 sometimes must abandon the rails quickly when one of its snorting contemporaries is behind schedule. A hydraulic jack, controlled with a lever in the sedan trunk, can lift No. 1 off the tracks and onto a wooden siding used for handcars.

Rubber tires cover the wheels of No. 1 outside the flanges, thus making it available for double duty. Occasionally No. 1 leaves the Camas Prairie tracks and travels through the streets of Lewiston or Riparia or Grangeville. Wolters says he gets good mileage and performance from No. 1, both on and off the rails.

"Gotta remember, though, when I'm not on the track," he adds. "It wouldn't do to forget the steering wheel when No. 1 is away from that old high iron!"

← *CP-1 (Camas Prairie No. 1), the 1947 flanged-wheeled Ford.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Palmer Lodge The swimming pool, fed by a mountain stream, is the focal point of this resort in the Monadnock Region of New Hampshire. Lunch and dinner served daily. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities. Open from May 28 to October 12. Northeast of Keene on State Highway 9.

ANGEL PIE

Meringue

Beat 4 egg whites until stiff. Sift $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar and 1 cup sugar together, add to egg whites, a tablespoon at a time. Be sure that all sugar is dissolved. Grease a 9-inch pie plate and pour meringue mixture into it. Spread meringue higher on the sides. Bake 1 hour in 275° oven.

Filling

Beat 4 egg yolks, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon each of grated lemon and orange rind. Cook in double boiler for 9 minutes. When cold put in center of cold meringue shell. Let stand in refrigerator 24 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

←*painting of Palmer Lodge by Douglas A. Jones*

←*painting of Hackney's Restaurant by Ben Eisenstat*

Hackney's Restaurant Founded in 1912 by Harry Hackney, this sea food restaurant has grown in size (it seats 3000 at a time) and fame until today it is a world-famous institution, in fact "as famous as the Boardwalk." At 215 N. Maine Avenue on the ocean, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, it is open from 11:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., every day.

LOBSTER à la NEWBURG

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds lobster, cooked
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup Madeira wine or sherry
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cream
3 egg yolks, beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne pepper
Crisp toast

Cut lobster meat in $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. pieces.

Melt butter in a double boiler and blend in flour, then heat lobster in butter for about 5 minutes. Add wine and simmer slowly until the wine is almost reduced. Beat cream into egg yolks, add lobster and season. Cook, stirring constantly until it thickens. Serve at once in casserole on top of crisp toast. Yields 6 servings.



St. James Hotel was built shortly after the Civil War and has been in operation since that time. The coffee shop is justly famed for outstanding pastries. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily, except Sunday. Overnight accommodations. The address is 406 Main Street (U.S. 61 and 63), two doors from the Ford garage, Red Wing, Minnesota.

BREAD PUDDING WITH BRANDY SAUCE

2 cups bread cubes
1 quart milk
3 eggs, lightly beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
Pinch of nutmeg and cinnamon

Soak bread in milk about 20 minutes. Add sugar and nutmeg to beaten eggs. Mix with bread and place in greased baking dish. Sprinkle top with cinnamon. Set

dish in pan of water and bake at 350° for about 1 hour. Serve warm topped with Brandy Sauce. Makes 10-12 portions.

BRANDY SAUCE

Beat 1 egg until thick, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup confectioner's sugar. Whip 1 cup whipping cream, then add 2 ounces brandy. Mix with sugar and egg.

←*painting of St. James Hotel by Clarence Bagstad*

←*painting of Cedar Pass Lodge by Syd Fossum*

Cedar Pass Lodge is in Badlands National Monument, near the headquarters on U.S. 16A, and is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day from May 15 to the first of October. Overnight accommodations. Post office address is Interior, South Dakota.

BAKED TUNA AND MACARONI WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

2 cups elbow macaroni
2 7-ounce cans tuna
1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
2 cans condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 soup can of milk
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
Two dashes nutmeg
Bread or cracker crumbs

of rapidly boiling salted water. Combine soups and milk and blend to a smooth cream while heating; season. Place drained macaroni in a greased casserole. Add chunks of tuna and sauce. Top with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in 450° oven until top is lightly browned. Serves six. Try it with a green salad and buttered toasted hard rolls.

Place macaroni in five quarts



Trail Coffee Shop is a friendly and comfortable restaurant located in the center of colorful Cheyenne, Wyoming, at 216 West 16th Street (U.S. 30). Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner, from 6:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m., every day

SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE

1 cup raisins
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 cup sour cream
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons flour
Pinch salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
English walnuts
Meringue
1 9-inch pie shell, unbaked

Cook raisins, sugar, water and salt over slow heat until quite thick. Cool and stir in flour and beaten egg yolks, cream and vanilla. Pour into pie shell and sprinkle top with nuts. Bake at 400° for 20 minutes; then 350° until filling is firm, about 40-45 minutes. Cool the pie, top with meringue and brown in slow oven.

←*painting of Trail Coffee Shop by James M. Boyle*

←*painting of Mountain View Lodge by Leon A. Beroth*

Mountain View Lodge Deer and bear are frequently seen in the meadow near this resort at Troy, Montana. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities. Reservations necessary. Open from the first of May to November 15.

SWEDISH BREAD

2 packages dry yeast
1 teaspoon sugar
4¼ cups lukewarm water
7-8 cups white flour
1½ tablespoons salt
1 cup brown sugar
5 tablespoons heated molasses
(add pinch of soda)
5 tablespoons melted shortening
1½ cups rye flour
1½ cups wheat flour
1 orange, grated rind only
1 teaspoon caraway seed

Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup water to which teaspoon of sugar has been added. Let stand about 5 minutes. Add to 4 cups water and enough white flour to make a soft sponge, about 4 cups. Let stand in a warm place until it becomes bubbly. Add remaining ingredients to the sponge beating well with enough white flour to make a stiff dough. Put into a greased bowl and set in warm place to rise. When double in bulk, knead and let rise again. Then shape into 4 loaves and let rise in a greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Homeowners working in their yards toward sundown will be familiar with the shadows pictured here. After identifying the objects, check with the answers below.

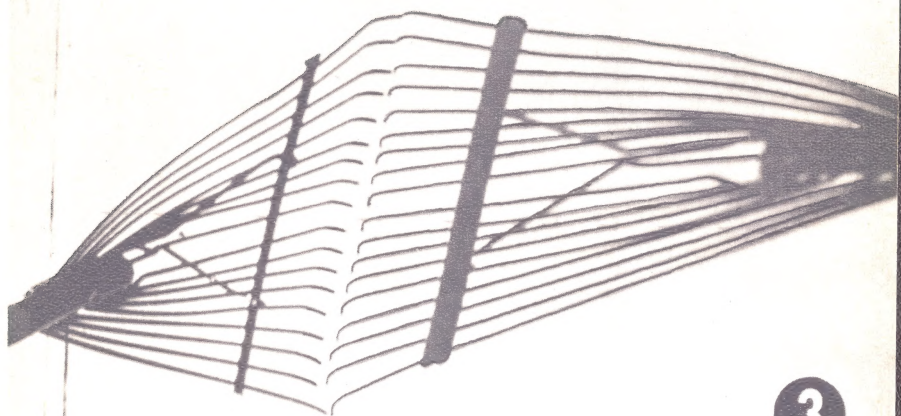
photos by J. B. Guss

1. Combination hoe and fork.
2. Hose nozzles and spray
3. Broom rake
4. Grass clippings shears



2



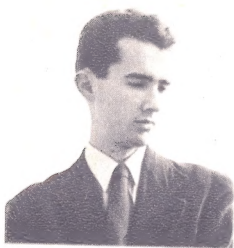


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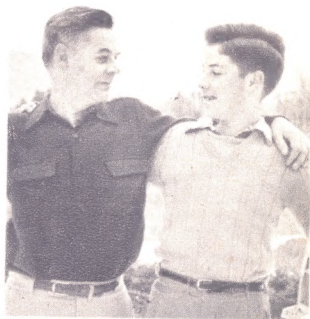
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Contributors



V. DOUGLAS SNOW is the younger, or son-in-law, half of the team that did the Saltair story for us (page 25). His pictures accompany the story by his father-in-law, George Nelson. Mr. Snow tells us his own experiences at Saltair parallel Mr. Nelson's—thirty years apart. A native of Salt Lake City, Mr. Snow studied art in New York, went to Cranbrook Academy, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, and spent a year in Italy on a Fulbright Fellowship. Now he teaches at Wayne University, Detroit.

Our story on Randolph, New Hampshire (page 42), is the result of a happy father-son collaboration by G. MILTON SMITH and fourteen-year-old DAVID SMITH. The senior partner first saw the White Mountains when he was thirteen, at which time he developed an enthusiasm for them that has never flagged. Now the junior partner has the same enthusiasm, as may be evident from his skillful watercolors. Both Smiths (plus another son) climb those mountains in summer and ski on them in winter. Otherwise all three are in school—the younger Smiths as students, the older one as a professor of psychology at City College, New York.



VANCE KIRKLAND, native of not-so-hilly Ohio, painted the mountain pictures accompanying the story on Colorado's high country (page 2). He founded the Kirkland School of Art in Denver, now affiliated with the University of Denver School of Art, of which he is the chairman, and he is chairman of the museum committee for the Central City Opera Association, one of Colorado's merrier centers of culture. Mr. Kirkland's paintings have been exhibited in America's greatest museums, including the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art and the Carnegie Institute.



When Milton Smith first brought his family to the little town in New Hampshire's White Mountains, he wanted his wife and two sons to react with the fondness he had felt since his long ago boyhood visits. He feared that the town might have changed, but the changes were minor. There was a new sign at the old swimming hole, pictured above in a watercolor by Mr. Smith's son David, age thirteen. But the town itself remains as the father remembered it, with the gaunt, gray peaks of its mountains for all time. The family response, and its significance in their lives, is described in Mr. Smith's touching story, "Randolph, New Hampshire," page 42, with watercolors by David Smith. ■

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Front cover—"Misty Day at Grand Lake." This scene, showing the western gateway to Rocky Mountain National Park, was painted by Vance Kirkland, who illustrated the story on touring mountain passes in Colorado (page 2).

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.